

THE MEREDITH EAGLE.

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MY LESSON.

I sat alone at evening. Wildly raging,
The elements put forth a fearful strife,
Foments with evil powers was raging
A war of death and life.

The morning came. Adown my garden path-way
Lily and rose and vine were bruised and broken.
Around me everywhere, prostrate there lay,
Of beauty, many a token.

A dead bird near the line bushes told me
A fearful tale. Twisting in the tree,
My eyes were full, my heart stood still (don't
speak),
They were my pet, you see.

"Alas! alas!" in bitter grief I cried,
"Why is it thus? Why should the storm lay
low
Our garden beauties, dead with life and pride,
And fill bird lives with woe?"

For answer came the fragrance of some blossoms,
Mangled and bleeding on their mossy biers;
But 'twas a plaint of grief from Nature's bosom
Come to my human ears.

Just then a bird sang gayly from the wall;
A fallen vine around its stem was twining;
A rose smiled through its thorns. What meant
it all?

I looked—the sun was shining.
Now I can list the chilling rain-drops patter,
And hear the storm-winds blow, and feel no
pains.

Hear the wild thunder crash—what does it mat-
ter?
The sun will shine again.

Only weak, human hearts cling to their
creeds,
And keep alive the wounds that Time has
made.

Only wise Nature smiles upon her losses,
Hopeful and undimmed.

MATTHEW N. BROWN.

CHADSEY'S REVENGE.

When Ralph Chadsey proposed to Helen Grantham and was refused, he was a very angry man. He knew he was homely, ignorant and awkward, that his tastes were not refined, and that his home circle was not one in which a lady could be happy; he also knew that Miss Grantham was very pretty, accomplished and the inmate of a home which every one delighted to visit. But he was equally certain that he was the sole owner of a small factory that yielded him several thousand dollars a year, and he had been taught to believe that no faults of birth, education or manners would prevent a man of means marrying into any family that had little or no money.

Miss Grantham's refusal therefore stung him, and as "frank" to generations of mean ancestors, he recognized no rights but his own, and had never experienced the faintest throbb of chivalrous feeling, he soon came to hate Miss Grantham as much as he had loved her, and when the young woman soon afterward accepted and married Frank Hatcher, the rejected lover swore he would have revenge on both Helen and her husband.

In any one but a brute the desire for revenge would soon have been gratified by the experiences of Mr. and Mrs. Hatcher, for Frank, although one of the charming fellows whom all women adore, had in business but little stability and shrewdness. He made bad debts for his employers, spent his salary before he earned it, and ran so heavily into debt that his brightness and his wife's bloom rapidly disappeared. Several acts of carelessness caused him to lose his situation, and he resorted to a degree of desperation that would have made almost any vine-dictive, enemy pity him. Just then the civil war broke out and Frank was lucky enough to obtain a commission, the income of which brought comfort to his wife and baby. But even in the army his carelessness got him into many misfortunes, the last of which was that he lost his life by not exhibiting proper vigilance at an outpost.

On hearing of Hatcher's death all his creditors forgave him and tendered their sympathies to his wife; but Chadsey, instead of burying his hate in the dead soldier's grave, felt more vindictive than ever. It seemed to him that his opportunity had escaped him, so he added intensity to his hatred and hoped all upon the dead man's memory. Helen bravely endeavored to earn a living for herself and child, and Chadsey took a room from which he could see her every day, not minding as he hurried to the store in which she stood all day as a saleswoman. Now, he fully believed she regretted having rejected him; now he could not doubt she would gladly accept him were he to propose. The thought gave him the most blissful sensation of his life, and he swore to himself that he would rather die a thousand deaths than let her see a penny of his money.

And he found, to his great delight, a new object to hate; it was the son of Helen and Frank Hatcher. The baby whom Hatcher had left when he went to the war grew rapidly, and was as mischievous as boys in general. He had his fair proportion of quarrels with other boys in the village, and Chadsey sometimes was delighted beyond measure by the spectacle of little Frank being severely pounded by a larger boy. Chadsey was also pleased on recognizing on the boy, from time to time, clothing that undoubtedly had been made from garments that Frank Hatcher, Senior, had worn years before.

Occasionally Chadsey would hear that some one had proposed to the pretty widow, but without success, and more than once, when wondering aloud why "the pink and white folk," as he always called her, declined suitors with money, he was answered with:

"Perhaps she's waiting for you, Chadsey."

This remark was always accompanied by a coarse laugh, but the object did not wince, for he took in earnest what was meant for fun. Waiting for him! Was that the reason she always passed his lodgings on her way to her work? Was it to affect him to tenderness that she

wore expressions sweet, pathetic, romantic, or melancholy, all of which Chadsey believed were merely "put on" for use out of doors? Well, she might wait; he could stand it as long as she, and he would rejoice to see her grow gray with longing.

Meanwhile, little Frank grew in character as well as inches, and determining one day that his mother should not work any longer, he secured a position with a firm in which Chadsey was a silent partner. Chadsey did not learn for a fortnight of what had happened. When he found that Mrs. Hatcher was no longer what he called a common working-woman, and that he himself was one of her son's employers, he was furious, and demanded that the boy be discharged; but his partners outvoted him, for their new clerk, being liked by everyone, was worth far more than he cost them.

Although baffled, Chadsey was not beaten. He felt that the boy was to some extent in his power, so he gratified his vengeful spirit from time to time by scolding the new clerk on slight pretexts. He soon found that this course was not safe, for the boy had tongue as well as spirit, and he occasionally retorted in a style that turned the laugh on the special partner.

Then Chadsey determined to disgrace him and thus strike his mother. It would not be hard to do; the old trick of putting marked money, from the cash drawer, into the young clerk's pocket would answer every purpose, so he adopted it.

Then there was a terrible scene in the store, and Mrs. Hatcher, with tears in her eyes, hurried up to plead for her boy. Chadsey had expected this with great glee, but before Mrs. Hatcher arrived the boy had pleaded his own case to his employers with such spirit that the special partner had turned pale and walked aside into a warehouse, where one of the men heard him mutter:

"His mother's eyes! He has his mother's eyes!"

Nevertheless, Chadsey, before abrupt-ly quitting the store, had insisted that the case against the boy should be pressed. His partners, who had their suspicions as to how the marked money came in Frank's pocket, assured Mrs. Hatcher that they believed there must be some mistake, that they would not think of making the affair public, but that Mr. Chadsey, their special partner, insisted on it.

"Then," said Mrs. Hatcher, turning very pale, "I must appeal to Mr. Chadsey."

"You?" exclaimed one of the partners, so surprised that he gave a customer too much change; "you appeal to Mr. Chadsey?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Hatcher, turning to leave the store.

"Excuse me, madam," said the partner, "but in that case, I must accompany you. It may be necessary to reason with that fellow by knocking him down."

The couple went together to Chadsey's lodgings, but could not gain admittance to his room, the door of which was locked, although the servant insisted that Mr. Chadsey had come in an hour before and had not gone out again.

"He's a coward!" exclaimed the partner, hammering at the door, and calling Chadsey by name.

Finally the door yielded to an extra effort, and the couple entered. No one was visible.

"This is very strange," said the partner, looking about the room. Then, as he looked at some papers on the table, he continued, "no it isn't, either—look at this."

Mrs. Hatcher took a sheet of paper which the partner handed her, and read:

"I put the marked money in Frank Hatcher's pocket. I did it to avenge myself upon his mother, but he has his mother's eyes."

"Ralph Chadsey."

Mrs. Hatcher's eyes filled with tears, so that for a moment or two she could not read a second sheet that was placed in her hands, so her companion read it aloud to her; it was a will, which, in a few words bequeathed all his property to Mrs. Helen Hatcher, formerly known as Helen Grantham.

"He will revoke this in an hour," said the partner; "he never could live up to so much decency."

And the partner was right, for, on going into Chadsey's bed-chamber, he found his special partner lying on the bed with a pistol in his hand and a bullet-hole in his head.—*New York Hour.*

A Club Room Scene.

A story is going the round of the London clubs of which Luke, who was at one time Tweed's valet, and is now the valet of a well-known American in London, is the hero.

A young gentleman, fearing he might play and drink too heavily at a club he was about to visit, induced Luke to accompany him to bring him safely home. Arrived at the club, permission was obtained that Luke should remain in the card-room, instead of being sent to the servants' waiting-room. At the night was on, and the players became excited and boisterous, one of them, who was losing largely, began swearing at everything in general, and at Luke in particular, and inquired several times "what business the infernal nigger had at that room." Luke said nothing for a long time, but as the young man did not seem inclined to drop the matter, but grew more emphatic in his demand that the nigger be removed, Luke finally took a card from his pocket, and with great dignity placed it on the table saying:

"There, sir, is my card. If you want any satisfaction you can find me. You are a loser, sir, but I am a born nigger gentleman," and while the players were recovering from their amazement, walked slowly away.

AMERICAN FABLES.

A Motherly Goose.—The Wolf and the Fox.—The Clipped Horse.

On the beginning of a certain New Year a motherly old Goose felt it her bounden duty to do something for the betterment of the World. She therefore took a stroll down to the Swamp and sought an interview with the Fox.

"Well, what's on hand this morning?" asked Reynard, as he came to the front.

"To-day is New Year's, if you remember?"

"Oh, certainly."

"It is the day on which all Fowls and Beasts should solemnly resolve to break off some bad habit."

"I have appointed myself a committee of one to wait upon you and ask if you could not make at least one good resolve?"

"Well, y-e-s, I think I can," replied Reynard.

"That's nice. What resolve will you make?"

"Oh! I'll let up on the Hares this coming year and go for the Geese!"

And he ate her on the half shell.

MORAL.

Don't ask a man to stop chewing tobacco and become a drunkard.

PLAYING THE BOO.

A Wolf and a Fox were traveling across the country in company when they discovered a piece of meat attached to a string.

"My eyes are the sharpest, and I saw it first!" exclaimed the Fox.

"My nose is the best, and I smelled it long before you could see it," replied the Wolf.

"Well, we'll divide even up."

"Not exactly, my friend, I have the longest stomach, and must therefore have the largest share. I will eat what I want and what is left will be sufficient for you."

The Fox being the weaker party had to sit and lick his chop while the Wolf devoured every ounce of the meat and sighed for more. The Wolf was sighing with satisfaction when a sudden pain racked his body, and in a moment more he knew that he had been poisoned.

"Well, well," mused the Fox, as he saw the other struggling with death; "one doesn't always miss a Good Thing by letting some one else gobble up his Dinner."

THE CLIPPED HORSE.

A man who owned a fine Horse had him clipped in mid-winter, and the shivering animal turned around and asked him:

"Why do you deprive me of my coat in such cold weather?"

"Oh! it's to make a daisy of you," was the reply.

As soon as the Horse was attached to the cutter he began kicking, and did not stop until he had demolished the outfit.

"What on earth possessed you to do that?" asked the owner.

"Because a daisy of a Horse would look bad before a cheap Cutter," was the reply.

"And I may as well smash that if you are going in for looks you'd better get your Hester to hold the reins behind me."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Practical Farm Notes.

A Connecticut correspondent tells the *N. H. Mirror* how he raised good corn in spite of severe drought:

"I plowed and rolled the ground, spread manure on and harrowed it; put a handful of hen manure and fine bone compost in the hill; cultivated fast; did not till any. When the drought came cultivated often but very shallow; the result was a good crop. On another plot the manure was spread on the sod and turned under without any fertilizer in the hill, and was almost a failure. My neighbors report very fair corn on after plowing and fertilizing in the hill."

The same writer reminds the boys that "plenty of manure and patient labor will bring onions every time." Of his own practice and observation he says:

"I plow shallow in the fall, cover with the best stable manure; in spring harrow in the manure and put on the square rod, rake off and sow seed and roll; it is very important to roll down the bed or seed-row hard. Put in radish seed with the onion seed, as that comes up first. Plant the same land every year, and if you will manure and cultivate you will raise crops that will surprise lazy folks. The largest yield I ever saw was on land that had been used to stay hay on. It was hoed over and a hundred pounds of Peruvian guano raked in. No weeds were grown and the onions almost covered the land."

Freezing.

The pleasures of freezing are set forth by a Canadian physician, who lately enjoyed them. His tongue, and then his arms became stiff, sharp chills ran down his back, and finally it seemed as though his whole body congealed, causing an almost entire cessation of the heart's action. This condition of suffering speedily gave place to a grateful warmth, which seemed to diffuse the system and cause an exhilarating glow. He was driving, and by this time had reached a house, but he went on, thinking that nothing was to be feared. The sleigh appeared to him to glide through the air with great swiftness, and the horses flew like birds. A sense of exaltation filled him, and he urged the beasts to greater speed. The wheels on each side of the road were passed so quickly that they became indistinguishable black lines. The jingle of the bells sounded further and further away until they passed out of hearing in the distance. He fell gradually into a delicious slumber, which came near being the sleep of death.

THE CLOSING OF A LIFE.

No one is more missed from the Senate Chamber than Matt Carpenter, writes a Washington correspondent. His name is often quoted by lawyers than any other. He is regarded as one of the greatest lawyers this country has ever produced. He was in no sense a politician. Had he cared for his physical health he might have lived to a great old age.

His constitution was an iron one, and only succumbed after years of the most continued strain. His partner, Mr. Coleman, says that it was Mr. Carpenter's habit for years to do his evening study at night. He would begin at eleven o'clock with a strong cigar and a bottle of champagne to keep him up to his work. From one o'clock to four he kept awake and bright by taking sips of brandy. Then he would go to bed and sleep until nine, and arise as fresh as if he had obeyed all the laws of health. For twenty years he went on in this way without having even a headache. All at once he broke down and could do nothing. The closing year in this great man's life was a tragic one. His disease was of such a nature that the space of his life could be exactly indicated to him. He was told by his physician that he must die within a year. Mr. Carpenter took no one but his partner of this death-warrant. He went about his business each day as usual. He never complained. He never said that he regretted the shortening of his own life by past indiscretions. He studied his case clearly as he would that of a stranger. Each day he would say in a quiet way to his partner, "I see I have so many more days to live," pointing to the register he kept. I remember calling upon him one summer night at his office three months before his death. He was in an easy chair, with a black slouch hat crushed down upon his shaggy gray mane of hair shading his eyes. He was gravely polite. He talked over the political campaign then going on, showing the clearest comprehension of what was the real condition of affairs. Although absorbed in contemplation of his death he was as considerate as in his best days. He used to spend many of the evenings of the latter part of his life alone. With no gas light beyond a mere star out in the outer office, Mr. Carpenter would sit in a great easy chair, thinking, quietly studying the case death was so rigorously prosecuting. Two or three days before he died he was down at the office. He consulted the register that told the story of the condition of his blood, and then said simply: "Coleman, I see I have not more than four days to live. I do not think I will come to the office any more."

Then he walked feebly to his carriage and was driven home. Then only did he tell his family his real condition. He carried the burden alone until nearly the last.

Storing Vegetables.

In storing vegetables, potatoes in a cool cellar, or buried in the ground, kept perfectly, the temperature at 38 to 40 degrees. Celery is more apt to be injured by heat than by cold; it has been well kept in moss. One speaker packs his, close as possible, upright in a trench as deep as the height of the plants, covers with straw or hay and a roof of boards like the letter V inverted.—Grape grafts should be kept dormant and be set, below ground, after the stock has well started. In strawberries the Sharpless was accorded the chief place in the Northern part of the State, and as far South as Bridgeton one crop was sold at 16 cents per quart, while other sorts brought only 5 cents. The second crop seemed to be best. The president's plot was heavily manured and well cared for, one feature being manuring in winter with a compost of muck and slaughter-house manure. Primo is promising as to number; Crystal City small and few in number; Warren variable; Mount Vernon best with one and a total failure with another, though treated to forty loads of stable manure per acre, and well treated in other respects. Experience with Glendale is very variable. Manchester fair to take a front rank as a market berry, having all the keeping and carrying qualities of the Wilson, and much superior in flavor, while the growth and vigor of the plant are equal to Sharpless. Gypsy, exceptionally uniform in size and shape, one of the most productive of the well known kinds. Bidwell seems to demand good treatment and hill culture. Jersey Queen, among the largest and most showy of all varieties, plants vigorous and healthy, but very high culture is required to secure good results. These conditions neglected, disappointment will surely follow.

Why They Kept Quiet.

On their way to the Capitol in a Washington street car an oldish gentleman, in a kindly, patronizing manner, looked up as Representative Smalls, of South Carolina, got in, and said: "Mr. Smalls, I never saw so good order in the House as when you sat in the Speaker's chair. I think everybody recognized that you were an able Speaker."

"No," said Smalls, "they kept quiet for a greater reason than that."

"What was it?"

"White men don't like to be ordered by a colored man to be quiet. That is why they kept quiet."

BREIT SUGAR.—According to the *Journal des Fabricants de Sucre*, the production of beet-root sugar in Europe this year amounts to 1,920,000 tons, an increase of 137,500 tons over last year. Germany is still the greatest producer, heading the list with 675,000 tons; Austria, Hungary next with 450,000 tons; France third, with 410,000 tons; Polish Russia fourth, 275,000 tons.

NEWHALL HOUSE MEMORIES.

A Favorite Resort for Old-Timers in Politics and Business.

A letter from Milwaukee, says: The Newhall House was a favorite with the old politicians, and the professional and business men of Wisconsin. It was their headquarters. A great many of them would almost as soon have gone to the police station to stay, as to any other hotel. They knew it was a safe-trap, and believed that some time or other it would go up in fire and smoke; but they stayed there just the same. They would be seen any evening sitting or walking in its spacious corridors. Old Milwaukeeans, wishing to renew old acquaintances or talk over old times, would drop in evenings and find some kindred spirit. They were a very solid and substantial lot. They enjoyed their tobacco and the glass of companionship, and sometimes took a hand in a social game, in a building adjoining the hotel on the north. For many years there was a gambling house in the second story of this neighboring building. Its patrons were among the wealthiest and most prominent of the older men of the community. Governors, Senators, Congressmen, Mayors, Superintendents of Police, and visiting nobles of every degree have known this pleasure or sorrow. There was an entrance from the street, but as there was always more or less trouble in getting in that way, a door was cut through the north wall of the Newhall, and through this the old boys came and went undiscovered and unsuspected by most people. This door was so arranged, that unless a person knew it was there, he would never find it.

One of the frequenters of this gambling house, and the proprietor at one time, was Russell Wheeler. He was a professional sporting man of the old school. He made a fortune in the business. Once, many years ago, having been arrested for some offense committed in New York, his old home, he was being taken to Buffalo by steamer in custody. Watching his opportunity he jumped overboard in Lake Erie some fifteen miles from land, and swam ashore. The officer supposed he was drowned, and never came after him again. Many other illustrations of Wheeler's strength and nerve are given by his friends. Socially an outlaw, almost, he was at times the associate of the most prominent men of the State. Thus it happened that when one morning, a few years ago, he crowned his long life with the murder of Theodore Hendler, these rich and influential men came to his assistance and by the lavish use of money secured his acquittal. Hendler was shot in the Newhall House bar room and mortally wounded at the foot of the elevator shaft up which the flames mounted so furiously on the morning of the fire. This event was called a piece of "bad business" by a great many of the old timers, and after they got Wheeler well out of it they dropped him.

Even the barber of the house was a politician of State-wide fame. He was a Democrat, named Goetz. His principal political rival, Dr. Fricke, was a Republican. When the late Senator Carpenter had an important business on hand Barber Fricke was always at the fore. He was a very distinguished appearing man. Once at Madison, when a Senatorial contest was in progress, the late Gov. O. C. Washburn ventured to ask a friend "who this Dr. Fricke" was, and was thrown into a paroxysm of disgust when informed that he was a Milwaukee barber. Dr. Fricke was contented for many years to be the associate and servant of great men, but when, one day, he developed an ambition for office, and became too persistent, a coolness grew up between him and Carpenter. Goetz was a Democrat. He kept him well posted on political matters at home and abroad, and condescended to share only the old politicians who insisted on his serving them. He never got the itch for office, and consequently retained the good will of his political friends to the last. There were other old characters about the house, who had been there for a generation, and whose faces were very familiar to the public, and many of whom perished in the flames.

Daniel Newhall, the builder of the hotel, was in early days the most prominent business man in the Northwest. He dealt largely in wheat and owned many vessels. It was his ambition at one time to load a vessel every day for Buffalo. His transactions were enormous and would be regarded as such even at this day. He practically controlled the market for many years, and became very wealthy. In 1855 he built the Newhall House, which was, at that time, the finest hotel in the United States outside of New York City. The building cost more money than he intended to put into it, and it was finished in rather a hasty way. In 1874 Mr. Newhall, having lost his property, retired to his farm near Waukegan, and has resided there ever since. He had several daughters, all noted for their beauty, and two sons.

On hearing of the destruction of the hotel he came to the city and looked upon the ruins long and earnestly. So rapidly do times and people change that not one in a hundred who saw the old man had the faintest idea that it was he who had given his name to the couple of catastrophes of the century.

A LITTLE girl recently went to visit her grandfather in the country. She is fond of milk, but firmly refused to drink any while there, without giving any reason. When she returned, she was asked, "You had nice milk there; didn't you?" "I guess I didn't drink any of that milk," she indignantly replied. "Do you know where papa got it?" "I saw him squeeze it out of an old cow."

HOW A BURGLAR WAS CAUGHT.

Digging a Pit Beneath a Cash Drawer and Hiding a Trap Over It.

A letter from Norwich, Conn., to the *New York Sun* says:—An amusing case was tried in the Superior Court of this county. George Avery is a typical country grocer, and his store in the quiet village of Groton has almost as various a stock of goods as was crowded into the ark. He is tall and lean, and prosaic and methodical in disposition. He never smiles. No one ever accused him of humor or shrewdness. At intervals of several years his store has been entered by thieves at night and small sums of money have been stolen from his till. Two or three months ago he lost quite a sum of money and some valuable goods in this way. Mr. Avery said nothing; but he took a spade and went down into his cellar and began to dig a hole directly beneath his money drawer. At odd times for several days thereafter, when trade was dull and the male gossip had fallen asleep on the cracker barrels up stairs, Mr. Avery toiled at his excavations. When he had finished his work with the shovel he had a pit four feet square and eight feet deep. From the top of the hole to the floor of the grocery was a distance of about ten feet. Mr. Avery next purchased some of the smoothest-matched yellow pine boards in the market, and with them made a seamless shaft, reaching from the floor of the grocery to the bottom of the pit. He next cut a square hole in the floor under the till, and rigged in a trap, similar to those used on galloway frames, directly opening into his eighteen-foot shaft. He invented a reflex action spring that, under the descent of the trap, would carry the door back into position, where it would be held by a snap catch. Mr. Avery was now ready for his next burglar. He arranged his trap during the day so that neither he nor his clerk would fall into the bowels of the earth, but invariably let it baited when he shut up store for the night. He waited several weeks with no result.

On the night of January 2, Henry Johnson and a partner, wandering rascals from New York, decided to enter Mr. Avery's store for pillage. The getting in was a simple process. They quietly knocked in a pane of glass, and Johnson entered. He trod safely across the store and passed behind the counter. He approached the till. He placed his hand on the drawer knob and took a step forward. Instantly the trap shot downward with a rattle and bang, and Mr. Johnson went down straight as a plumb into the chasm. His descent was so sudden and rapid that he hadn't time to utter a cry to his companion. The latter heard the noise of the trap as it struck against the side of the shaft, and at once made off. The trap, as soon as it had disposed of the victim, rose swiftly and noiselessly into its place, and the automatic heap fastened it.

Mr. Johnson, speaking to a reporter concerning his downfall, said: "I thought I was going down to the bottom of the earth. I was surprised. I struck all at a heap. It was total darkness. I picked myself up after a while, and found that I was lame, but no bones were broken. I then began to think of some means of getting out. I thought I was in the cellar and felt around. My hands struck against the side of the pit. I found there was a smooth surface all around me. As high as I could jump it was solid as steel. I kicked against the sides, but it was no use. I cursed the devil under the boards, and I went to work with a will, but after digging for half an hour with my hands and piling up a mound of earth behind me nearly as high as my head, the piled-up dirt began to run back into the hole. I gave up the task as hopeless, and waited for developments. I was now anxious to be caught. Any way I got out of that blasted pit, which was blacker than midnight."

At an early hour on Jan. 3 Mr. Avery came down to his store, opened it, and at once saw that burglars had paid it a visit, and that the trap had been sprung. Mr. Avery went about his morning duties with his usual composure, sweeping out the store and setting things to rights. He did not go to the shaft to see whether the burglar had escaped. He had perfect confidence in the trap. After an hour or two, and after returning to his home and eating breakfast, he called the neighbors into the store and told them about his trap. He said that he had good reasons for believing that there was a burglar in it. All went to the mouth of the shaft, and Mr. Avery raised the lid. The party peered down, and dimly discerned Mr. Johnson, begrimed with soil, sitting complacently on the dirt pile at the bottom. He looked up at the gathering and called out:

"When are ye goin' ter let me enter this cursed trap?"

Mr. Avery replied that there was no hurry. A constable was called in, ropes were prepared, and after a quarter of an hour Mr. Johnson was drawn up and landed on the grocery floor. He pleaded guilty to a charge of burglary in the Superior Court, and on Tuesday last was sentenced to two years in State prison. His companion, whose name is unknown, has not yet been captured. Mr. Johnson is still lame from the effects of the fall.

As old men would not believe he could hear his wife talk a distance of five miles by telephone. His better half was in a country store several miles away, where there was a telephone, and the skeptic was also in a place where there was a similar instrument, and on being told how to operate it, he walked boldly up and shouted: "Hello, Sarah!" At that instant lightning struck the telephone wire and knocked the man down, and as he scrambled to his feet he excitedly cried: "That's Sarah, every time!"

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

WHAT THE HUMOROUS PAPERS HAVE TO SAY ABOUT THEM.

WHERE THEY ALL ARE.

"Why not accept this place yourself, Judge?" inquired a Senator from South County.

"Oh, well—now," stammered the Judge, blushing very deeply; "I—well—you know—ab—I am—yes—totally unprepared for that sort of a thing, you know."

"Of course you are," said the Senator from South County; "but you embody all the qualifications demanded and I'm going to announce you as a candidate!"

"No, no, no!" cried Judge Hallett, catching the South County Senator by the coat tails. "Don't do that, my dear sir, don't do that! But I'll tell you what you can do. Come this way a moment."

The Judge dragged the Senator into the darkest corner of the lobby. There was a meaningful glitter in his eyes, his bosom heaved with conflicting emotions and his voice was strangely hoarse. He stood up on his toes and whispered in the Senator's ear:

"You can say I am in the hands of my friends."—*Denver Tribune.*

"WHAT TIME WAS IT?"

Four clerks in a Summer street dry-goods store were lounging about after lunch one day not long ago, when business was dull. They got to telling stories.

"The other day," said one, "a New York business man started from here in a hurry to the Providence depot. He wasn't sure of the way, and when he got to the corner of Washington street he asked a boy. The boy directed him, and got ten cents for his trouble. At the corner of Tremont and Boylston streets he got stuck again, and asked another boy which way to go. The boy told him, and the New York man gave him ten cents more. Arrived in the depot, all out of breath, he asked a third boy what time the next train started for Providence. The boy told him, and the man gave five cents. What time was it?"

"Two and a half," said one of the three attentive clerks.

"A quarter past," suggested the second.

"Quarter to three," exclaimed the third, triumphantly.

"Keener!" said the fourth who perpetrated the yarn.—*Boston Globe.*

LEADS AND DRUGS.

John Smith was a goodly man. As ever lived on earth, The world admired and loudly praised His truly plump worth; His life was full of charity, And free from sinful pride. But scarce had reached to thirty-four, When one dim eve, A mule kicked at him playfully, And Smith soon after died.

John Brown, a knave of deepest hue, Dwelt in the selfsame town; A grocer, meaner, vile scamp Than never lived, was known. He cursed, he swore, he smoked, he chewed, He even kept a play, And down in Texas years ago They say a man he slayed.

Yet he lived on contentedly And lots of money made, Till, finally, a gray-haired man, John Brown to his was laid. His wife and children gathered round, A preacher lingering nigh— And the only token of his death Was a quiet, gentle sigh.

We'd like to live as did John Smith, Reversed by all the town; But when it comes to dying, we'd Prefer to die like Brown.

—*Danvers Tribune.*

WHY A WISCONSIN EDITOR SNEEZED.

The proprietor of *Peck's Sun*, who lately visited the metropolis for the first time in twelve years, observes:

The greatest change in New York is the Elevated Railroad. I am mashed on the "L" road, as is every person who has toiled up and down town in street cars and stages. The memory of those old rides on crowded street cars, on cold days, when you were lucky if you got in, and still luckier if you got out alive, and with your pocket-book still with you, seems like a dream. Now you can go up, while our that will send about eighty passengers each, and a little steam engine will whirl you up or down town at the rate of twenty miles an hour, over the heads of the people in the streets. I "chilled" a little at first at the elevated trains like a country horse that comes to town and sees a steam fire engine, and I felt like taking the bit in my teeth and kicking the dashboard, and running over an apple stand, but I soon got used to it, as all the other horses do here, and now you can drive me right under a train and all I do is to prick up my ears and prance a little.

A BURGLAR ALARM.

Two nervous women lay awake till midnight in a New York "flat" the other night in separate rooms opening off the same parlor, with a premonition that burglars would break in. A young man belonging to the family and a servant were both out. One of them, Mrs. A., unable longer to endure the suspense, arose and went cautiously through the hall. The scene which followed is thus described in the *Herald*:

Mrs. B., listening, with her door ajar, heard Mrs. A. slammed her door and looked it. Mrs. A. with equal promptness retired to her own room and did the same. Satisfied after a few awful moments that she must have been mistaken, Mrs. A. went out to the hall again and started for the dining room with a match in her hand. Mrs. B. opened her door and peered cautiously forth. At the moment of her seeing Mrs. A.'s match Mrs. B. heard her door. The light went out. "Burglars!" gasped Mrs. B.

"Thieves!" whispered Mrs. A.

And then both ladies stood in the hall and waited breathlessly.

"If I could only get the old shotgun that hangs in the kitchen," thought Mrs. A., "I would soon put an end to this suspense."

"If I could only reach the janitor's bell," thought Mrs. B., and then, as she heard Mrs. A. making for the kitchen, "that burglar makes an extraordinary amount of noise."

The two ladies neared each other swiftly and silently. Just as one was about putting her hand on the janitor's bell the other passed.

Two awful screams followed, and Mrs. A. started for her bedroom, with Mrs. B. in close pursuit, determined to be alone no longer. The room once entered, mutual explanations followed, and they determined to march together to the attack. The gun was secured, and both ladies started for the drawing-room. A key grated in a lock! Horror! The front door was observed to open cautiously and then suddenly close.

"Thieves!" howled both ladies down the elevator hallway. Mr. A., who for twenty minutes had been trying to get in quietly, now opened the door and stepped into the hall. The muzzle of the shotgun met him in the hands of his mother, while Mrs. B. acted as reserve with a poker.

"What in thunder is the matter?" he asked. "You are rousing the whole neighborhood."

"There was a burglar in the house, but he escaped," faintly said both ladies, as they again retired, leaving Mr. A. with the gun and poker to "sit up and watch the house until morning."

OUR POPULATION.

A stranger leaned over the bar of a Detroit saloon the other day, says the *Free Press*, and whisperingly inquired: "Partner, what is the population of the United States?"

"Hard on 50,000,000, I believe," was the reply.

"It's over 30,000,000, anyhow!"

"Oh, yes."

"You'll bet on that?"

"I'd like nothing better than to put up \$10 on it."

"Well, you'll have a chance. There's a chap down in the shoe store that claims that we haven't got 35,000,000 population, and he is baffling everybody. I'll bring him up if you'll make a bet and bring him down a peg."

"Bring him along."

The stranger went away and returned with the bluffer, who had no sooner entered the saloon than he called out:

"Where's the man who says this country has got over 40,000,000 population?"

The saloonist modestly replied that he was the man, and in less than a minute the two ten-dollar bills were put into the hands of the first caller.

"There's a new map in the store across the way," which has the last census figures on it," said the saloonist, and all went over to see the matter settled.

The figures showed that the beer-seller had won by a large majority, but nothing on that map, nor above, below nor behind it could tell what became of the man who held the stakes. Indeed, it was only after the man who had lost had also slipped away that anybody realized that they were confederates. Then the victim started out with a club to hunt the world over and reduce the population by one, but his search was in vain.

Taking in the Situation.

"I was playing in a minstrel troupe one season and traveling through Texas. One night, I think it was in Palestine, we missed connection and were compelled to lay over. Frayne was then playing 'Si Broun,' with his wife acting as *Young Si Broun*. As he was to accompany the *Young Si Broun* that night, I accompanied by several of our troupe, went over to see the show. The hall was a miserable tumble-down frame shanty, lighted by candles and lamps. The light, you may be sure, was not the best in the world, but, nevertheless, the audience, which completely filled the house, seemed to thoroughly enjoy the play, and manifested their appreciation by loud shouts and huzzahs. When the time came for Frayne to shoot the apple from his wife's hand, she was brought on the stage blindfolded. She was nervous and excited, and shook like my bass drum when I gave it a healthy whack. The light was too poor for Frayne to see distinctly, and it was plainly to be seen that he had misgivings of his own power.

"The audience seemed to take in the situation. Suddenly one of the auditors, a big, burly cowboy, with a sombrero as wide as the Tabor stage, jumped up from his seat and pointed a pistol far at Frayne, saying out in a firm voice: 'Don't shoot, or I'll pulverize you!' Frayne glanced down at the resolute-looking stranger, and seemed to be glad of his intervention. The whole house took up the cry, 'Don't shoot!' and the afflicted woman tore the bandage from her eyes and said in pleading tones: 'Don't attempt to anger that gentleman, Frank; he means what he says.'

"Bei yer boots, gal, I do," replied the stranger. That part of the play was omitted for that night, and the Indians had to be killed twice to make up for the cutting of the programme."

TO ENCOURAGE SOLDIERS.—Mr. Sewall gave notice in the United States Senate that he intended to offer an amendment to the Army Appropriation bill providing for an annual appropriation of six hundred thousand dollars to be distributed among the States and Territories upon the basis of the comparative number of regularly enlisted, organized and uniformed militiamen in such States or Territories, for the encouragement of officers and their education in military tactics for utilization by the nation in time of emergency.

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